"AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL!"

All Aboard for Fresno

Free Speech Fight on

I. W. W. EMANCIPATION EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

Industrial Worker

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FREE SPEECH MUST BE WON IN FRESNO

Industrial Worker:

F. H. Little sentenced before a perjured jury to 25 days in jail. A police conspiracy to get Organizer Little out of town. Police used three false witnesses against fellow workers. We have sworn out warrant against one for perjury. Jury composed of Bourgeois, cockroaches and real estate grafters. Jury hung on two-fourth acquitted. Little in dungeon for refusing to work.

The above telegram received from Fresno, Cal., is conclusive evidence that Fresno is in need of a dose of the same medicine that was administered to Spokane last winter. It will be remembered that the lads from Fresno and California in general were among the foremost of the militant agitators and it is now up to the workers of the Northwest to go to Fresno and help to regain free speech. Many of the mistakes of the last fight will be avoided, as it is wise to profit by our past mistakes.

It is understood that there will be no dallying with the courts and the fight will be fought on the grounds of "direct action." Furthermore, each man should operate on the principle of "let not your right hand know what your left is doing." While all will work together, there will be no coughing up to the police. Remember, if cross-questioned in the sweat box, that "I forgot everything I ever knew." Likewise, "I disremember, I don't know." No worker is obliged to cough up all he DONT KNOW just because a courteous thug in brass buttons asks him how about it. And it is not a mark of nerve or bravery to boast of various things concerning the organization, but only of being used as a means of information by the gum shoe brigade. Give them a run for their money. If they want to know things, let them go to the trouble of investigating. Let them read our literature. Above all, let there be no compromise. A compromise with the boss is always a surrender of points that do not need to be surrendered. If the boss has the upper hand, he will not compromise, and if he does not hold the best cards let us play the hand out. Why compromise when the boss is ready to compromise? If he will compromise, he will surrender. Let us MAKE HIM SURRENDER.

Go to it, fellow workers of Fresno! The whole national organization, every rebel in the country, the power of the workers' press, all are with you. We can't lose—for we have nothing to lose. We will win, for we will play on their pocket book and their dislike for publicity.

OUR SPORTING COLUMN.

The removal of the Spokane locals of the I. W. W. into their new and more commodious hall marks the opening of another round in the greatest fight in history, a fight besides which the Jeffries-Johnson fight pales into insignificance. The contest in the sun-scorched arena at Reno sinks into oblivion in comparison with this the greatest fight in history. The contestants in this Titanic battle are "Brute Capitalism" and "Young Industrial Unionism;" the purse is the greatest ever fought for, namely, the "World," winner takes all; the contestants to fight to a finish: "Brute Capitalism" has been before the world for some time, and his character for brutality, despotic greed and utter lack of mercy towards his opponents, or rather victims, for until his present opponent appeared none have been able to stand up against this embodiment of bestial brutality and incarnate savagery, is well known and is not denied by the most ardent supporters of the "Brute." "Young Industrial Unionism," on the other hand, as his name implies, is a new comer, who up till lately has not been very well known, but whose name at the present moment is being heralded the world over as the ultimate conqueror of the hitherto invincible "Brute Capitalism." There are other so-called opponents of the "Brute" before the public, who are boastfully asserting their ability to down the "Brute," such as "Bull-Dung Teddy," the Republican Muck Maker, "Prattler Bryan the Nebraska Wind-Bag," "Gene Chafin, the Whiskey Slayer," and "Buy-em-out Berger, of Milwaukee, the Marxian (?) Thunderbolt." But all these so-called opponents of "Brute Capitalism" have never yet donned their armour to engage in mortal combat with the "Brute;" quite the contrary, they are to be found acting as mentors to "Brute Capitalism," in his camp, as trainers; in his corner as seconds; but never in the ring as his opponents. "Young Industrial Unionism," so far as the fight has progressed, has done well, considering that he is outweighed, outreached, but not outpointed; also there must be taken into consideration the bitter hostility of the very large majority of the spectators, who, however, seeing the splendid fight which is being waged by "Young Industrial Unionism," are beginning to show more favorable appreciation of his work. The bulletin of the previous round reads as follows:

Round 5—The Brute came from his corner a trifle unsteady, with a surprised look upon his face (evidently had under-estimated his opponent), lead off with his famous "Anti-Free Speech" swing (which as yet he has not landed so far in the fight). "Young Industrial Unionism" blocked swing, and neatly countered with a terrific "We will speak" body blow, which caught the "Brute" in his Spokane Solar Plexus and staggered him. "Young Industrial Unionism" then forced the fight, and got home twice on the Brute's steel region (the Heart) with a McKees Rock upper-cut, which infuriated the "Brute," who rushed to the attack, frothing at the mouth and cursing loudly, was immediately met by "Young Industrial Unionism" with a heavy jab in his harvest field, or bread-basket, which raised the betting in favor of "Young Industrial Unionism" 3 points (Dollars). Round closed with both opponents sparring for an opening. The "Brute" was groggy and was bleeding profusely from his pocket-book as a result of the "Garfield" jab. "Young Industrial Unionism" was calm and confident, and seemed stronger than ever.

P. S.—For later bulletins of the fight read the "Industrial Worker" and "Solidarity," who have wires direct from the field of battle.

RICHARD BRAZIER.

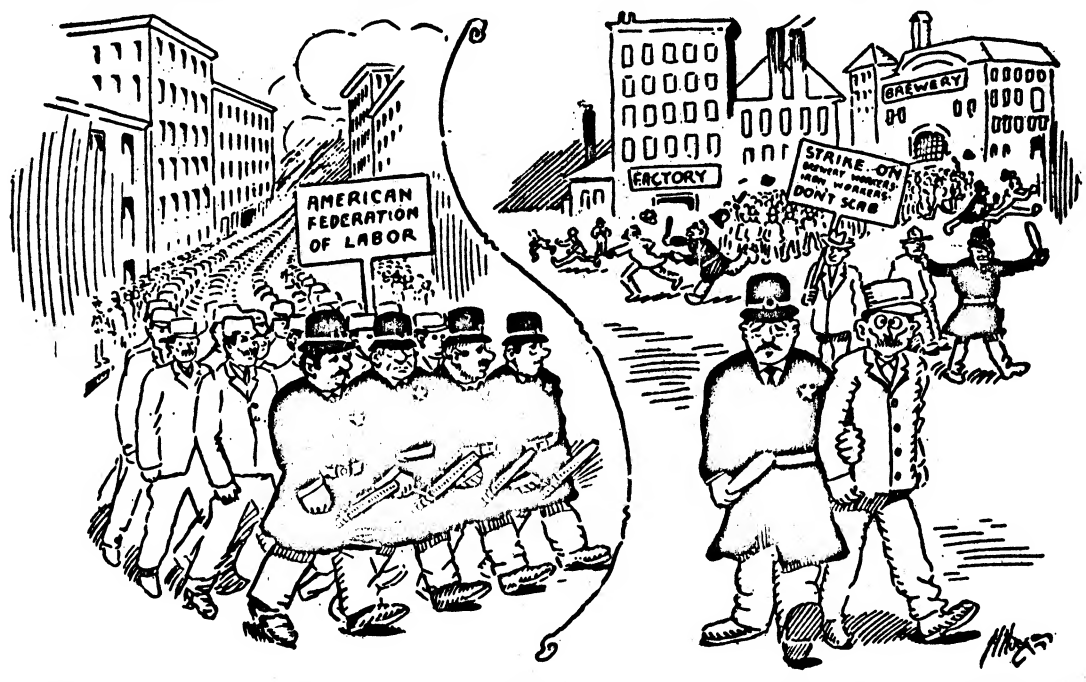
Fellow Worker Brazier has been engaged as sporting correspondent and will report the above mill from the ring side.—Ed.

MEXICO N. G.

It is likely to be of interest to the Workers to hear from Old Mexico. I have returned only lately from there and have found many American brothers that went there to work. All of them got left and we all had a hard time coming back. If anyone has a notion of going there, forget it, or you will be sorry.

A WORKER.

LABOR (?) DAY THE DAY AFTER



For years past it has been the habit of the A. F. of L. to allow the boss' uniformed clubbers to lead the parade on Labor (?) Day. It is fitting that an institution of the boss, such as the A. F. of L., should be marshaled by the police, who are likewise of, for and by the boss. All nature is a paradox, but certainly none is more paradoxial than that men, presumably organized to fight the boss, organize to separate and to protect the boss' property, and lastly be led in their line of march by the very force that is used to club them into submission when out on strike. It is a sign of the times that, through the efforts of a few militant members of the Cooks and Waiters, the police were eliminated from this year's parade in Spokane.

THE JUNGLE—AN IDYL OF THE SPRINGTIME

You have been cooped up in the city all winter, sleeping in crowded fetid lodging houses, eating "coffee and's" or those mysterious compounds of the cheap restaurants called "stews." As you shiffle down the main stem some bright, glorious spring morning you are conscious of a new wine-like fragrance in the air. There are no trees or grass in the city, but you know instinctively that somewhere, away from the bricks and mortar and crowds and "bulls," the golden spring sunshine is filtering down through the tender green leaves. You have a sudden and sever attack of the "wanderlust," your feet itch for strange ties, and before you realize the fact you are headed for the nearest freight yards.

That little, short guy that you have seen hanging around all winter is ahead of you, sitting on a tie pile, smoking a cigarette and reading a tattered magazine. You sit down and discuss the routes, towns and other incidentals of your projective journey with him.

Neither of you know where you are going, so you decide to go together. As the long-expected freight rumbles past the two of you make a simultaneous dash for the open door of an empty boxcar and you are off.

Two days later you have found it. A little spot on the banks of a turbulent, brawling mountain brook, and basked by a semi-circle of trees, enveloped in a sort of mist of pale green. You have disposed of a hearty breakfast of ham, eggs, friend spuds and Java, all cooked in those handy utensils so thoughtfully provided by the Standard Oil Co. A good jungle stiff can make anything from a frying pan to a bath tub out of them. You seek a grassy spot and lie down on the fragrant earth, the sunlight flecks the ground with little spots of pale gold. The smoke from your cigarette curls up a little blue spiral. Shorty is peeling spuds and making preparations for a "mulligan." You know where your next meal is coming from at any rate, so you loosen up your belt a little to give your breakfast more room and read awhile.

Some quarrelsome little birds hold an animated argument in the thicket, a hungry and fearless gopher sits on his haunches within ten feet of you and devours some fragment he has found in the grass, regarding you with a sidelong, beady eye. A chipmunk, his jaw pouches full of bread crumbs, scuttles away to his underground home, a bee, in fruitless search of early blossom, alights on your newspaper. He carefully preens his shimmering wings and buzzes on his way.

Shorty, having placed his mulligan on the fire, essays conversation. You roll over on your back and watch the woolly little white clouds drifting across the blue sky and you dont know where you are going to go next or when or why nor where you are going to sleep tonight and don't care a damn either.

You only know that spring is in the air, and that the same old "haymaker" is shining in the sky, so to the sound of the brook and Shorty's more or less melodious whistling you go to sleep.

HESLEWOOD WITH THE SHINGLE WEAVERS.

Fred W. Heslewood is doing things with the shingle weavers throughout the state of Washington and reports great success. He spoke on September 1st to the International local at South Bellingham and the following day at Anacortes, and made arrangements for a meeting there for next Sunday. Took in several members in Anacortes and two dozen more in Bellingham. Held the largest meeting ever known on the streets of Bellingham. Heslewood will speak in Blaine Friday evening.

Many labor "leaders" of the coast are casting anxious glances at their meal ticket, for the weavers are coming alive. Says Heslewood: "It's off with the fakirs when the workers wake up."

SPOKANE CONTINUES TO BOOM.

The Spokane locals moved into a new hall last week, a hall situated in the heart of town and in a very favorable section. Sunday evening was the occasion of a grand housewarming, at which the lid was off and everybody had the time of his or her life.

Among the events of the evening was a sparring match between Curley Harris of Frisco and Young McCauley, who hails from Denver. The bout went four rounds and received prominent notice in the morning papers as being the opening wedge to the holding of boxing bouts this winter in Spokane. The evening was enlivened with singing, instrumental music and speaking by Franklin Jordan and Louis Gatewood. A collection of $24.00 was taken to help boost Industrial Unionism. The large hall was crowded to full capacity and much surprise was expressed at the excellent programme. This event is to be repeated at intervals throughout the winter, and all workers in the vicinity of Spokane are expected to be on hand and take part.

L. C. Reese, Financial Secretary and Treasurer of Burke Miners' Union No. 10, was recognized by Jordan in the crowd and asked to make a short talk, which he did. He always stood solidly for the I. W. W. and has done the industrial movement many a good turn.

GENERAL STRIKE IN COLUMBUS, O.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 5.—Fifteen thousand union men will leave their jobs and join the striking street car men unless the officials of the company decide to arbitrate matters within the next two days, according to President William Mahon of the Carmen's Union.

"....his number of men will certainly leave their work unless arbitration is forthcoming within 48 hours," said Mahon. "Sympathy with the strikers is widespread."

Mahon contends that a call for a sympathy strike would result in a general response throughout the city, which would tie up traffic and business and create a condition of stagnation that would force the issue to a settlement. He says that the street car men are in the fight to win, and that they are confident of an ultimate triumph for their side.

It was in this city that a regiment of soldiers took up a collection for the benefit of the striking carmen.

DAVENPORT'S SCABS REBEL.

The scab help employed at Davenport's restaurant are sullenly resentful of the working conditions, which have not been improved since the strike. J. Bertaces, a pantryman, came to the office of the WORKER and stated that the steward had stolen his beer and then docked him two dollars because he quit in indignation. The culinary strike remains much the same, except that the smaller scab houses are going bankrupt.

Fellow Worker Potmaker, reported dead, has returned hale and hearty to Spokane.

MEXICANS IN SAN DIEGO ORGANIZE

The strike of the Mexicans against the Barber Asphalt Company. The Mexicans are all organized in the I. W. W. and are using I. W. W. tactics in their first strike. This is the beginning of the great uprising of the oppressed and poorly paid Mexican laborer in America and Mexico. In a year we should have a big fighting organization of Spaniah speaking workers. This organization should be national, containing all the Mexican workers. We can do it if we start now.

De Lara and other Mexican and Spanish speakers are agitating for the I. W. W. Now let all pull together and organize 500,000 Mexicans in the next year.

Seeing that we are gaining atrength, the merchants have banded together for the purpose of suppressing free speech. Let them go to it. We'll show 'em who we are.

I. W. W. STRIKE COMMITTEE.
San Diego.

SAN DIEGO NEEDS ITALIAN SPEAKER.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 5, 1910.—The strike is still on in San Diego. Our Spanish fellow workers are going to win. They are made of the right stuff. They are quick to act and they are not chair-warming philosophers. That's what we need in the I. W. W.

The Spanish speaking workers are seeing the necessity of a union and are joining fast. We have just sent for a charter for a Spanish language branch of Local Union No. 13 from headquarters.

We are holding street meetings nearly every night in both Spanish and English, and we have so many people in our audiences that the merchants of this city formed a "club" to stop street speaking. This effort to suppress the I. W. W. was met by a declaration of war by the I. W. W. and even the single taxers offered to go to jail. To cap the climax, the San Diego Sun, the evening paper, and one of the Scripps papers, came out in favor of free speech.

With all these forces arrayed against them the merchants' "club" decided not to act at present, and we now speak as usual on any street in the city.

In the Saturday, September 3rd, issue of the "Sun" we have an excellent article by our principal speaker, Mrs. Laura Emerson on Industrial Unionism, accompanied by her "photo." This article created a lot of talk among the workers in this city in favor of the I. W. W.

We are growing fast and everything looks ripe for a big organization here.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Mrs. Laura Payne Emerson, the writer of this article, is a member of Local Union No. 13 at San Diego, Cal. Mrs. Emerson is a Revolutionary Industrial Unionist and is the principal speaker of the I. W. W. at San Diego, where she speaks on the street night after night, never tiring in her efforts to propagate the principles of the I. W. W.

Mrs. Emerson is thoroughly familiar with labor conditions and has had actual experience in organizing throughout the Southern states and in the factory districts of the east.

The I. W. W. at San Diego is proud of Fellow Worker Mrs. Emerson and they think that if there were more women of her type, energetic and courageous, that the Revolutionary movement would soon be a real power.

POLICE FOUR FLUSH AND RENIG.

Will let you know that the cases in the police court, which were set for today for the three of us, that got arrested Saturday, August 20th, were dismissed without a trial.

We are still speaking on the same old corner and have a permit from the chief. The whole affair was instigated by the employment fakirs, as they wanted us muzzled, and the saloon keepers who kicked also and made remarks in the presence of members of our organization that the police ought to run the I. W. W. out of town or into the lake. They stated that as long as the I. W. W.'s talk on the street the men would not line up against the bar, but would listen to the damned agitators who want to live without working. Good! How about the sharks? Did they ever work?

Workers of the World, organize and throw these grafters off your back so you can enjoy life. Quit buying jobs that you never get. Join the I. W. W. and put all these grafters out of business. Try to beter your conditions, raise your standard of living, and shorten your hours. Don't be a hog and try to do all the work in one day—and bum around the next day looking for a job when you're broke. Get into communication with the secretary at Duluth, No. 17 Fifth Avenue W.

W. T. NEF.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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W. E. Trautmann.....General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
C. H. Axelson, Francis Miller, Charles Scurlock, J. J. Ettor, Geo. Speed.

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Free speech in Fresno or fight!

Uncle Sam kindly consented to come through with what he owed some of the fire-fighters—after he realized that the I. W. W. was in charge of the wage collection. And we didn't use a lawyer!

The boss is organized. He is organized to get more of the goods that you produce. He knows that ORGANIZATION is the all-important factor in GETTING THE GOODS. He knows this. Do you?

THE YELLOW PERIL.

The Los Angeles "Times" tells us of a strike in that city of Japanese cooks and waiters, who struck while the iron was hot, or, in other words, when the restaurant was full of customers. The boss filled their places with white scabs. And yet they talk of the "Yellow Peril."

The Socialist Party, local San Diego, has passed numerous whereases and resolutions of sympathy galore for the benefit of the I. W. W. free speech fighters. Gee! How would you like to have a warm "Whereas" to keep the cold out when in the "cold box," or a luscious resolution to chew on when undergoing the bread and water diet? Would be great! What?

A young worker committed suicide recently in Seattle because he 'didn't want to be a wage slave." And yet there are millions whose sole aim in life is to get a master. Here was a fellow who kills himself because he had a boss. What did the fellow want? He must have been one of those discontented agitators. He had a boss. What more was there left to desire?

O Domine Deus! The Young Women's Christian Association is the best recruiting joint for scab waitresses in the city. And the pity of it is that this institution, which masquerades as a "savior" of girls, gets them fresh from the country, ignorant and unsophisticated, and they are made scabs without their knowing what happens to them. Talk of procurers! Suffer little girls to come unto me and I will make them over into scabs. Verily, something is rotten in the state of decomposition.

William D. Patton, secretary of the Teamsters' Union of San Diego, says: "It is not the object of any union to cause strikes OR TO GO OUT FOR HIGHER WAGES. There are some people who are skeptical enough to think a union wants more than it actually earns. That, however, is not the case." NO, ducky, a union is merely a sewing circle or a violet picking organization. It is used to feather certain nests and sometimes passes a resolution. But don't you think its real function is to provide a meal ticket for a few worthy parties? And as for getting better conditions or more wages—why, how absurd! But how much does a union ACTUALLY EARN, dear, dear labor "leader"?

Come now, you workin' plug! You who love the grand old U. S. A.! You patriotic yap! You Fourth of July scissorbill! You murder-worshiping mut! You who live in the land of the spree and the home of the slave! You!——but what's the use of calling you names? You are too familiar with them, as they ooze from the lips of the straw boss, the man herder. But just listen: This gr-r-r-and old government of ours (?) has passed an appropriation to reimburse the Red Cross for the money they spent in caring for the burnt and crippled fire-fighters AND HAS REFUSED TO REPLACE THE BLANKETS AND CLOTHES THAT THESE MEN LOST IN THE FIRE. Also, this benevolent protector of the boss' property has decided that the victims of the flames shall pay for their own treatment while in the hospitals. The Red Cross gets the whole works—and the fire-fighters hold the bag. But the Red Cross is the bluff that the boss puts up toward "charity." So quit your squealing. Don't squeal! ORGANIZE! Put the boss and his Red Cross out of business! Protect yourselves and you won't need any agency of the boss to hand you a lemon.

BULL PUPS AND MEN (?)

Recently the morning papers were informing us, along with other items of interest, that a certain bull pup, the property of one of our dearly beloved bosses, had been favored with a special Pullman car for his use in his travels—to save his pupship the disgrace of traveling a la baggage car. In the same columns of the same paper was a story of a man (he was only a workin' stiff, but we will call him a man), who had gone crazy because he had lost a job that paid him $2.00 per day. This man's job was that of baggage clerk in the baggage car that the bull pup scorned to use in his travels.

How do you like it, workers? You go crazy because you are fired from riding in a car at which a bull pup turns up his nose. And you make the baggage car as well as the Pullman. If you are a good slave you MAY ride in the baggage car—and work like the very deuce while riding; but you never ride in the Pullman.

Do you like it? You must, for you continue to make both cars and all other things of value and turn them over to the boss—and his bull pup. What's the matter with ORGANIZING and getting some of the good things that now go to the bull pup? Are you on?

WILL YOU FIGHT?

The blue-coated, fat-headed thugs who represent the "law and order" of the boss and incidentally his property interests in Fresno, Cal., have decided that the ideas of INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM are receiving entirely too much attention from the slaves who are supposed to produce and murmur not. The boss realizes the importance of keeping the workers in ignorance of the knowledge of industrial organization, and of the attendant scorn and contempt of the laws, rules and property regulations of the boss. He knows that just so soon as the workers rid themselves of veneration for things as they are, they will proceed to take from the boss all that he has taken from them. He knows also that if they are once infected with the germs of rebellion they will proceed to put their master out of business and that they will not hesitate to use any means that will serve their end.

For these reasons the boss, through his man Friday, the policeman, will attempt to do what Spokane and other places failed to do, namely, to drive home the entering wedge of censorship of speech. It is largely through free speech that the slave is able to teach the idea of INDUSTRIAL REBELLION to his fellow worker and fellow slave.

The boss will try to establish a precedent at Fresno. It is up to the workers of the northwest to see to it that he does not succeed. The only way ot prevent the enforcement of this anti-speech law is to go to Fresno and BREAK THE LAW. Break it, smash it into an unrecognizable pulp. What is this law that the boss would have you obey? It is a thing of the boss, for the boss and enforced by the hirelings of the boss. You workers have nothing to gain by the law. All law is made for the sole purpose of keeping you in a subservient position. You should have a hearty and wholesome contempt for the law of the land, which is the law of the boss, even as the land is the land of the boss.

Remember, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. You win, no matter how the affair turns out. Whatever happens is bound to be of immense value to the workers and a decided loss to the boss. That is where the worker has the boss on the hip. He knows that ACTION of any kind is bound to re-act to his credit. The boss is damned if he does, he is damned if he don't. He must fight the rising spirit of rebellion, but he only fights to fan it to a fiercer flame. Yet he has one possible hope and that is that the workers will refuse to take the gage of battle that is thrown down to them, and will meekly submit to whatever indignities the boss chooses to heap upon them. This is what must not happen. It is the only thing that can operate to the disadvantage of the workers—for them to lay down on themselves.

Therefore, every good rebel, every fighter, every red-blooded MAN in the northwest should leave at once for the scene of the coming conflict.

Are you game?
Are you a fighter?
ARE YOU A MAN?

SOME UNMENTIONABLE THINGS.

First there is the boss. Next there are the instruments of the boss, among which are the Pinkerton, the scab, the cop, who are physical weapons of the boss used against the workers. Then there are the mental and psychological prostitutes, the preacher, the politician, the capitalistic editor, the teacher in the schools, the judge, etc., whose function is to hypnotize the workers and keep them in a subservient mental state. All these we recognize, classify and put in their proper pigeon holes. And we give them the credit of at least being paid for their prostitution. But there is a snake that is more slimy, more dangerous to the workers and their organization than all the accredited tools of the boss. An attempt was recently made in a cartoon of the WORKER to picture this reptile. He was represented as sitting in the workers' hall, a large spittoon handy, his pockets loaded with hammers. He is the professional knocker, the nothing, the hole without a rim, that squirms under his own self-contempt, and, hating himself, hates his fellow workers and all humanity out of sympathy with his own vicious nothingness. This nonentity will do nothing himself, and has an ingrowing grouch against any one who has enough get-up and energy to try to put one over on the boss. He never gets a new member or a sub for the paper; he will not even dust the chair on which he reclines; but let someone else show himself as a live wire and he is there with the big knock. And if there is nothing to knock, he knocks because there is nothing to knock.

A labor union should be a LABOR union; not a festering sink hole for a self-hater to infect others with the virus that poisons him. One such varmint will undo much that a bunch of live wires are able to accomplish.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

The WORKER is accustomed to receiving reproaches for its habit of handling political parties and fake labor organizations without gloves. There are weak-kneed gentry who believe in the policy of conciliation and compromise with our inherent enemies. These the WORKER will naturally offend. But a letter recently received contains the startling information that the WORKER is catering (no, flirting is the word used) to the American Federation of Labor. The writer of the letter is evidently sincere, and that makes it difficult to understand why he holds that opinion. An article appearing recently in the WORKER in answer to an inquiry practically branded the A. F. of L. as everything that is scabby and produced the names and dates to prove the statements. There is never an article on the A. F. of L. but what there is a criticism of the methods and formation of the craft unions. Possibly our friend is misled because the WORKER has stood by the striking Cooks and Waiters of Spokane. If so, let us remember this: That our class is not confined to the boundaries of any belabeled organization, but is as large as is the militant spirit of the workers; and that any worker or set of workers that displays the spirit and attitude of rebels should have our hearty aid and assistance.

While we are deadly enemies of the craft form of organization, we are not the enemies of the workers who have been unfortunate enough to be hampered by their organization and who are now awakening to an understanding of INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM. Therea re many locals in the A. F. of L. that are only waiting their chance to come over to the I. W. W. without being scabbed out of existence by the A. F. of L. This has been true of the Shingle Weavers, the Brewery Workers, the Culinary Workers of various places, and other trades unions. Some of the most militant workers are compelled to hold membership in the craft union, and they are using their best efforts to swing the whole organization to the INDUSTRIAL UNION.

French Unionism a Militant Power

There is none of the passivity of the fatalist belief in the all sufficingness of economic evolution, none of the passivity of deputed action. Syndicalism, with its policy of direct action, demands all the courage and confidence and energy the workers can summon and in turn trains them for the tasks they will have to assume in the future. Gradually, then, the various labor organizations must take over whatever functions they can snatch from the employer and from the state, preparing for the day when they will supersede both entirely. Against the state direct action takes the form of "external pressure," by agitation and demonstration in force as employed in the successful campaign of 1903-'4 for the abolition of registry (employment) offices and in 1906 for the passing of a weekly day of rest law. Against the employer the means adopted are novel, not in themselves, but in the revolutionary vigor with which they are applied. The strike—the main weapon—depends for its success not so much on strong strike funds, but on "the enthusiasm, the revolutionary spirit, the aggressive vigor" of the workers who recognize the futility of competing with their employers on the pecuniary plane. Characteristic are two customs which have marked recent French strikes—"communist kitchen," where co-operative housekeeping is carried on, both for economy's sake and for the stimulus of contact, and the "children's exodus," the dramatic expedient of shipping to syndicalist sympathizers in other cities all the children of the strikers, thus putting the forces on a war basis. The boycott, apparently legalized by the repeal of Article 416 of the Penal Code in 1884, and the lebal, are called into play, the latter expedient only to a minor degree. Sabotage is an expedient which has aroused more syndicalist enthusiasm and more capitalist condemnation. This means, the use of which was formally recommended by the Congres of Toulouse, takes the form sometimes in the slowing up in production, sometimes of bad workmanship * * * in retail trade it takes the form of wasting the commodity sold, to the customer's benefit; or the contrary practice of rebuffing the customers to lead him to take his custom elsewhere. The fear of sabotage is a precious sedative. An example of its efficacy is afforded by the success of the employes of the Parisian hair-dressing establishments in winning a weekly rest day and shorter hours. It was by "whitewashing" the fronts of the shops with a caustic solution which injured the paint that this union won its better terms. In the space of three years, out of the two thousand shops in Paris there were scarcely one hundred which were not "whitewashed" at least once or oftener.

The most spectacular of syndicalism policies is the general strike. It is the climax of "direct action." There is something that fascinates the French workman's imagination in the picture of the sudden paralysis of industry from end to end of the state by the concerted strike of the whole working force of the country. This policy, discussed sporadically in socialist and anarchist congresses since its first broaching at the Geneva Congress in 1866, put into practice of late years by the workmen of Belgium and Sweden and Russia to secure political reforms, condemned by many socialist authorities, and given a hesitating and qualified adherence by others, has become the peculiar possession of French syndicalism. At first it took the idlylic form of "the revolution with folden arms"—a mere picnic in the Bois du Boulogne; but in its later expressions it does not mean merely the cessation of work; it means the taking possession of the wealth of society—for the common good—by violent or peaceful means, according to the resistence to be overcome. It may be worth while quoting the official prophecy of its working.

The General Strike.

The cessation of work, which would place the country in the rigor of death, would necessarily be of short duration; its terrible and incalculable consequences would force the government to capitulate at once. If it is refused, the proletariat, in revolt from one end of France to the other, would be able to compel it, for the military forces, scattered and isolated over the whole territory, would be unable to act in concert and could not oppose the slightest resistance to the will of the workers, at last masters of the situation.

A necessary complement to the policy of the general strike is the anti-militarism propaganda. This opposition to militarism had its origin not so much in humanitarian longings for peace between nations as in the fear of the use of the army in the partial strikes of today and the general strike of tomorrow. Bound up with it there is an attitude of hostility to the state—the doomed rival of syndicalism organizations—and scornful rejections of the ideals of patriotism.

An essential feature o fthe syndicalist creed is the hostility to majority rule. Syndicalism possesses the happy faculty of making virtues of ts necessites. Faced with the fact that it is only a minority of a minority, including in its ranks at most 400,000 of the 850,000 union men in France, who in turn are about 17 per cent of the whole number of male workers, the C. G. T. proudly asserts the rights of the minority to rule. Democracy with its majority rule superstition, installs in power the reactionary and the sluggish, the inert and refractory masses. Syndicalism proclaims the right of the conscious and enlightened minority, stewards of the future, to represent the "human zeros" who have not yet awakened to their opportunities, whether they will or no. A practical application of this doctrine is found in the refusal of the controlling spirits of the C. G. T. to give the larger and more conservative organizations represented the weight to which their numbers entitle them, petty federations with a few score of members counting for as much as great national unions with a score of thousands. It is quite possible that in the years to come the C. G. T. will become more conservative in its creed and its actions. The government is doing all in its power to give more weight to the influence of the less radical elements in the organization. Socialist effort tends in the same direction. Jules Guesde excommunicates syndicalism with bell, book and candle, and attempts to break up the organization by forcing the withdrawal of the socialist unions of the north, while Jaures, more politic, is willing to go with the syndicalists a mile that they may go with him twain, and seeks to keep on good terms with them in the hope of winning them back to the faith. But whatever the immediate outcome, the ideas of syndicalism, crue and visionary though they may be, will doubtless play a great part in the future development of labor thought and action. —O. D. Skelton, Queens University, Kensington, Canada; selected by Geo. Nickerson, Minneapolis, Minn.

(This whole long continued article from a capitalist magazine is a tolerably fair sketch of the revolutionary union of France.—Ed.)

THE HOBO'S BOAST.

I am the bondless spirit all the race must recognize!
In me the soul of labor still stands free beneath the skies;
In me the soul of Freedom, still unconquered, marches on—
I am the hope of liberty—the herald of the dawn!

I am the hope of liberty, earth's Lucifer today
The dread within the heart of kings, the sword within their way;
The block on which their heads shall fall, the knife that shears them off;
I am the great avenger, I! the "thing" at which they scoff.

I am the hope of liberty—its star is in my hand;
By me its light is scattered thru the dark of every land;
By me Wrong's mask is shattered and the veil of custom rent—
I spread thru all the cities far the flame of discontent.

I am the bondless spirit all the race must recognize!
In me the soul of Labor still stands free beneath the skies;
In me the soul of Freedom, still unconquered, marches on—
I am the hope of liberty, the herald of the dawn!

COVINGTON HALL.

HOW ABOUT IT, "COMRADES"?

An article printed in a "political shyster" sheet of Seattle brings to mind an occurrence which took place in Portland, Ore., last May Day, concerning which an article was published in the July number of the "International Socialist Review." A little "tin God" of that bunch, T. D. Lewis, of near revolutionary "Slowcialists" of Portland, was responsible for it, and we find that if one could give due consideration of that article that the only organizations taking part in that celebration and responsible for the success of it were "me" and "Slowcialists." Not a line was written with regard to the I. W. W. and the "Finnish Club." Of course it would not do to mention the cowardice of the committee representing the S. P. when they voted not to have the red flag hoisted at the singing of that song by the crowd of 4,000 people in that audience. The writer immediately after that celebration wrote an article in the "Industrial Worker," giving a thorough and concise description of that occurrence. Well, my idea is that the only reason that political sheets speak at all of "Industrialism," with the emphasis on the "ism," is the reason of all intellectual prostitutes, and that is, to exploit the sentiment created by the I. W. W. for the benefit of their pockets. The committee representing the I. W. W. on that joint committee of the Portland celebration took it in their own hands after they were voted down by that bunch of "Revolutionists" (?) to have that flag, so we sent very quietly to Spokane and secured the red flag owned by the I. W. W. locals, and without the knowledge of any of the rest of the committee placed it in proper hands, with vehement and cowardly demands that the flag be taken down eminating from our "comrades" on the committee. The flag was raised and remained there with careful and jealous guarding of the same by the I. W. W. membership.

The I. W. W., as a union of the working class, should get out of the idea that we need either a "step-mother" of a "god mother." or yet a wet nurse.

As for the writer individually, if there are going to be any more May Day celebrations, never again will it be held in conjunction with a bunch of slimy, cowardly politicians. We of the west have had experiences galore of this bunch of creeping parasites who are trying to ride into petty office on the backs of the working class, and it is the writer's hope that our fellow workers of Brooklyn, who are, acording to an article which appeared in the "Solidarity" some time since, "working hand in hand," break hands before the politicians have hands, arms and bodies, as the same has occurred on divers occasions.

J. B. SHEA,
Missoula, Mont.

MORE NEWS OF FIRE FIGHTERS

AN OPTIMISTIC FIRE FIGHTER.

Missoula, Mont., Aug. 19, 1910.

I have lately been working for our generous and glorious government fighting fire. It's sometimes worth while being patriotic, especially when they offer you 25c an hour, give you time going out to work and coming back to town. Our boss' name was "White," and in certain respects was very white; 25c an hour, blankets furnished, grub rotten as nothing but the rudiments of cooking could be "packed" into the forest and wilderness. No poor or poll tax was charged, and every man is shipped directly from the government office here. Men are being shipped out every day. Fifty men left town to fight fire this morning and as many leaving every day. I was absent from town six days and made $31.00. I. W. W. men should stop off here and take some of this on. The local union here is progressing rapidly, fire fighters kicking in every day. Our street meetings are always well attended and a large amount of literature is being sold. Two soap boxers blew in from Spokane yesterday and we held a rousing meeting last night. Hoping this doesn't spoil the printers' ink, I am, yours for Industrial Unionism,

LOUIS MELIS,
Local No. 40.

OUR GE-LORIOUS GOVERNMENT.

Fellow Worker E. C. Sutton, accompanied by a number of I. W. W. men, has just arrived in Spokane from Clarkia, Ida., where they have been serving Uncle Sam by fighting forest fires. He states that about 40 men lost their blankets and everything they had in the world while fighting fire, even the shirts being burned from their backs. The men were forced to shiver in the cold atmosphere at an altitude of 8,000 feet with nothing but charred shirts to cover their blistered backs. The ranger, John Roach, had declared that the government would replace the lost blankets and clothing, but the government can't see it that way, and the men have to stand their loss until they can earn new ones.

ARE THESE THE REAL CAUSE OF FOREST FIRES?

Observant fire fighters have deducted from their experience some facts which indicate the causes of forest fires. These truths are not generally known to the public.

In the beginning, the forest fires could have been controlled had the forest rangers desired to do so. On the contrary, they were secretly overjoyed when such fires sprang into existence. The reasons for this were evident.

The government had refused to appropriate money to build trails. The forest rangers in the performance of their duty were compelled to pack their own grub, to climb steep mountains, to ford streams, to fight their way through jungles, and to do many other arduous tasks. With trails a pony could pack all necessary supplies, and a saddle horse could be ridden with a degree of pleasure from camping ground to camping ground in the reserve. Also these rangers are allowed free board while fires are being fought. Therefore, they allowed the first small fires to burn until these fires became large enough to necessitate a call for men.

The call came. When the men came, instead of being allowed to fight fires they were set to cutting trails. It was a case of walking miles from camp to cut trail, then to move camp, to extend the trail farther on, to again move camp and repeat.

As a matter of fact, many times when the men had extinguished a fire near the trail and it seemed certain they would receive their discharge, some ranger would come into camp with a report that a fire had started farther on. These fires were generally in direct line which the natural course of the trail would take were it extended. Another peculiar condition existed, whether a wind blew or not, these fires sprang into existence.

At the Lola Reservation the fire fighters state that they knew the forest rangers started many fires themselves, and that while the fires were on the rangers fed on free board. From Iron Mountain to the forks of the Clearwater a trail has been cut, a distance of perhaps 70 miles, and all the fires in this district which were extinguished were along the trail.

Again, it is also a striking fact that wherever a fire existed within any private company property it was quickly brought under control. May we not ask the question reasonably, "Were private companies also interested in the partial or entire destruction of the forests on the national reserves?" Perhaps, as the Southern cotton dealers were in 1908 when they maliciously destroyed by fire several thousand bales of cotton.

F. KRUSE.

"WISE GUYS."

Some individuals, who were too "wise" to stick with their fellow workers, are still waiting for their money, earned by fighting fires.

AN APPEAL FOR LITERATURE ON INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

By this time it has probably become apparent to those of us who have been active in propagating the principles of Industrial Unionism in general and the I. W. W. in particular, the need of a work embodying the principles of the I. W. W., together with its plan of structure, its history and answers to the leading objections to it.

We are lamentably deficient in literature on these subjects. We have several speeches in pamphlet form, but these fall far short of being satisfactory. The hand books were also fairly good, but present day conditions demand a more compact work. Not alone for outsiders is the need of such a work apparent, but to members as well. Therefore, I believe that it is about time that we of the Northwest take steps towards this end, and with a view of stimulating the production of such a work that I would suggest the following: That one of the locals take immediate steps towards gathering all available information on the following subjects and printing them in good plain language, i. e.: Instead of using the words "the migrator proletarian" that the word "floater" be used etc. The following chapters are suggested:-

1. The class struggle.
2. Labor organizations in the U. S., and their history.
3. The history of the I. W. W. and the internal troubles with the political and laborfaking elements.
4. The I. W. W. in Montana.
5. The I. W. W. in Portland.
6. The I. W. W. in Nevada.
7. The free speech fight in Spokane.
8. The origin of the I'm a Bum song and reasons therefor.
9. The conditions of the workers in the logging industry and in the fruit and grain industries.
10. The conditions of the workers in the railroad construction gangs.
11. The necessity of organization and education.
12. The difference between the craft and industrial forms of organization.
13. A chart showing the plan of organization of all the industries in general, and the leading industries in particular.
14. The economic reason for the floater.
15. Patriotism.
16. The attitude of the I. W. W. toward religion.
17. The attitude toward political parties.
18. The economic relation of the employment agent with the worker.
19. An appeal for members.
20. An appeal for the support of the I. W. W. press.

I hope that all readers will give this all the consideration it merits. I remain, yours for economic freedom,

HERBERT J. BRONS,
Member L. U. No. 40.

MATERIAL INTERESTS.

We need a record in each local of the surrounding industries. It could be kept in a book in the form of a hotel register.

Its advantages are that it would give them an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the industries in the vicinity of the local where they may be, and it would also have a tendency to work against the interest of the employment sharks. To members and non-members it would have some influence in drawing them to the hall. A record of the surrounding industries is of value to every local.

SPOKANE MEMBER

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 2, 1910.

Fellow Workers: The following letters are uncalled for at the Ninneapolis headquarters, 104 Wash. St.: Israel Segall, Carl Johnson, Chas. Zellman, W. S. Henderson, Edward Jackson, C. R. Enger, John Smith, Chas. Conklin, Fred Myer, Paul Prayer, O. A. Burger and Chas. Wallin.

THE BOOSTERS' BRIGADE.

A BOOST FROM BUTTE.

Industrial Worker:

Butte is dead and don't know it. I am going to get busy as soon as I recuperate from past street scraces and try and jar the animals some. The Worker makes a hit with me. I have longed for years to see a real newspaper that could talk the language of the western roughnecks, tell them where to get off and on, and above all it does me a world of good to know there is a paper that hands it to the rubes, scissorbills and the 18 karat (or carrot) yap constabulary of the jerk water towns. These narrow gauge, petty larceny home guards are the terror to the intelligent working plugs who are making a fight for better conditions.

One thing I can see, that the I. W. W. is going to do in the near future, and that is to muzzle these tomato can cops of the cross-road towns so that the intelligent stiff won't have his troubles jumping through the country as he has now in a whole lot of jerks.

Go after the rube cops, the scissorbills and all the pesky homeguard critters. We'll get Jno. D. and Ted and Pierp when we get to them. Yours for Industrial Freedom,

W. G. HENRY,
Butte, Mont.

DULUTH, MINN.

The local initiated approximately 180 new members since June 20th of this year. Many more to join in the near future. Now about 230 members in Duluth. About 60 across the river in Superior, which local was started by this one.

I remain, yours for the Revolution,

WALTER T. NEF.

AN OLD WAR HORSE.

Bellingham, Wash., Sept. 6, 1910.

Two weeks ago I see you had printed that one sub from H. Larson of Bellingham. You said, who will be next with two; so here are two and one-half. Inclosed find sub blanks with the slaves names and address. Will get more. We have Heslewood here and we are raising the devil. We are almost out of due books and stamps. Sent for a good bunch of these, and we expect to be counted 500 before Christmas. I am not much of a slick talker nor perhaps plain, but I can rustle for subs and members and keep an eye on the thugs who would create a quarrel in the organization. Nuf said. Your Fellow Worker,

HANK.

Harry Larson, 2216 F St., Bellingham, Wash.

By the way, I am not a spring chicken. I am past my 57th year in life; have been a member of organized labor for 40 years.

Fellow Worker Otto Justh writes that the sharks are hostile around Denver. Otto is on his way to Chicago, where he will route Franklin Jordan, present organizer of Spokane, through the iron and coal country of Western Pennsylvania. Jordan and Justh expect to be on the ground by October 1st

Fred Heslewood remits $6.00 for prepaid subs. Looks good to father.

WHO WILL ANSWER?

Fellow Workers:

We have just received here in San Diego a contribution list for the I. W. W. strikers in Massachusetts. I want to ask any member of the I. W. W. or our editor if there is not some better means of aiding our fellow workers when they are on strike.

We certainly need to help them, because an I. W. W. local don't have funds enough to keep a strike up very long. Is there not some better way than sending contribution lists all over the country? Would not a general assessment of the members for just a small amount be a great deal better?

We need to organize a MACHINE, a fighting machine, and a general assessment will call every member's immediate attention to any strike that may be on, or any free speech fight that may be on. It will not only interest them more, but will cause them to interest others. Whereas the way we are doing now, sending subscription lists out only a part of the membership are in touch with the situation.

Now, I am a new I. W. W. man and may be on the wrong track; if so, I would like to hear from any fellow worker through these columns on the subject of assessments and strike benefits, etc.

"MAC."
Member L. U. No. 13.

BOSS AND POLITICIANS—BROTHERS.

"A Japanese stone cutter's establishment has started up on Powell street and organized labor in Vancouver is citing this as an instance of the encroachment of the Asiatic. The facts will be brought to the notice of Sir Wilfred Laurier." The stone cutters' union has decided not to supply the Japanese yard with rough stone. I may also mention that at the socialist party meeting Sunday, August 22, a speaker named Harrack was also for the exclusion of Asiatics and also a late candidate for the socialists at the last election. Pettipiece was one of the committee that interviewed Sir Wilfred Laurier.

NOTICE! TO ALL INDUSTRIAL UNIONS

Inasmuch as the unions have no means of making public the desired changes in the constitution, tactics and the organization in general, it has been decided to open a limited space in the WORKER for opinions on the above subject. Locals who are not satisfied with the present construction of the organization are invited to air their opinions.

It must be understood, however, that the WORKER is a means of propaganda and its columns have no place for slurs against any individuals in the organization. If there are charges to be made, the proper place for them is in the business meetings of the local.

L. U. 13, SAN DIEGO, PROTESTS.

The WORKER has received a letter from the above union, which contains a request that all locals of the I. W. W. take action in regard to the prices charged by headquarters for literature. Local Union No. 13 declares that the prices are too high for those who are seeking to organize the poorly paid Mexicans to pay. Also that they cannot pay the charter fee of $10.00, and think that $1.00 is the right price.

SWEAT SHOPS MUST GO.

The cloak makers' strike in New York City is at an end. One of the terms of agreement is that the contract system, with its sweat shops, are to be abolished, and all work done under union conditions. Seventy thousand garment workers have returned to work.

WE WANT NO PROGRAMS.

The labor movement is essentially an historic movement, getting its philosophy and tactics from the bitter experience of past social or anarchistic gods for its salvation.

Already we, the I. W. W., have separated widely from both in both our thought and tactics. We are neither socialist, bureaucrats nor anarchist mutualists—we are Industrial Democrats, seeking to complete the 6000 year long battle by overthrowing mastership in its last and greatest stronghold—in the shops—in industry.

We are working only for the advancement of, and the final freedom of, the working class—we are not primarily concerned with the propagation of any theory or philosophy, for the welfare and happiness of man comes only by action here and now.

To organize and boost wages from $2.50 to $3.00 a day is worth more to the workers than all the ballots ever cast, than all the bombs ever thrown, for modern society rests on organization and without it we are and will ever be powerless and helpless.

All communications for publication should be in the hands of the editor by Wednesday morning at the latest. Telegrams and very important matter may be rushed in not later than Wednesday evening. Remember this and mail manuscript as early as possible.

In Berlin, Germany, there are 230,000 card-holding trade unionists.

SPOKANE ADVERTISEMENTS

FIRST CLASS GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

The S. & S. Clothing Co.

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS.

339 FRONT AVE., NEAR WASHINGTON, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Rooms 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Hotel Seattle

Wm. Voss, Proprietor.

NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS

515 FRONT AVENUE

SPOKANE - - WASHINGTON

Ideal Rooming House

221 1-2 North Howard St.

Neatly furnished rooms, 15c to $1.00

NELS SWANSON, Prop.

O. K. Loan Office

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

By Giving You a Square Deal We Will Keep It.

When in need of anything in the line of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Jewelry, Etc., come to see us. No trouble showing you the goods.

Jewelry, Revolvers and All Kinds of Musical Instrumens Bought from Chicago and New York Loan Offices.

PHONE MAIN 3361

220 North Stevens St., Spokane, Wash.

Stevens Street Restaurant

205 STEVENS STREET

BEST 15c MEAL IN THE CITY

Our Coffee Can't Be Beat.

RESSA BROS.

POOL PARLOR, CIGARS, TOBACCO

Grocery Store in Connection

416 Front Avenue.

New Building—Newly Furnished—Absolutely First Class—One Block from Great Northern Depot—Centrally Located.

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317 FRONT AVENUE, SPOKANE, WASH.

Ben Thompson, Proprietor.

Rates Reasonable. Phone Main 6720.

Phone in every room. 150 rooms.

Every convenience of a modern hotel.

THE BEST

Workingman's Meal

in the city for 25c at the

BON TON RESTAURANT,

No. 223 West Front St. Missoula, Mont.

MAR HONG, Prop.

Buy Industrial Union

RED LABEL CIGARS!

Comfort pays the express on all orders of 500 cigars and up. Prices range from $30.00 per 1,000 to $90.00 per 1,000. In ordering less than 500, 40c extra for each 100 cigars or 20c for each 50 cigars must be sent. In ordering state price you wish to pay. Order now of R. L. Comfort.

I EMPLOY

INDUSTRIAL UNION WORKERS ONLY

R. L. COMFORT.

333 West Harrison St. PHOENIX, ARIZONA

To Help Us Grow

For Three Dollars Four Sub Cards

If you are interested in spreading the propaganda of Industrial Unionism; if you wish to see The Industrial Worker grow; purchase four yearly subscription cards for three dollars. If you are not a subscriber, sell three of the cards at a dollar apiece, and you will have your own subscription free. If you are already a subscriber, sell the four cards, which will net you one dollar, or 25 per cent commission.

We Must Have the Subs

Lend Us a Hand

PREAMBLE OF I. W. W. CONSTITUTION

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution.

"IF SILVER SAYS SO, IT'S SO"

Big Rummage Sale

NOW ON

All Summer Goods at Less Than Factory Cost

Watch the Windows—They Talk

OSCAR SILVER

"The Workingman's Store"

The Big Double Store Corner Front and Bernard Streets

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

NEWS FROM THE MAN ON THE JOB

HAMILTON, WASH.

Local 318 initiated five members at their meeting on September 4, one of whom was a Jap.

Dempsey Lumber Company's camp is six miles northeast of Hamilton. They operate three sides, and employ about eight men. Wages $2.50 for section hands up to $5.00 for hook tenders. Grub poor; bunk houses filthy.

Men work ten hours in woods; walks two and one-half miles to and from work four times per day.

During the five weeks that the writer worked there one man was killed, another had his arm broken and still another the fingers of his right hand crushed. Hospital fee 75c. The hospital is six miles from camp, but patients must board at the camp. Fine place to keep away from.

Hamilton Logging Company's camp one mile north of Hamilton. Wages $2.25 to $5.00. Board $5.00. Grub good. Bunkhouse full of fleas. Work two sides. Employ seventy men. Work ten hours. Ride to and from work. I. W. W. men can work here.

Miller's Logging camp, six miles east of Sedro-Woolley. Work ten hours. Ride in and out. Wages $2.50 to $5.00. Board $5.00. Accident at this camp recently, in which one man was killed, two fatally injured and several others seriously hurt. The train which brings the men in from the woods ran away and jumped the track. When the foreman telephoned R. B. Lewis of Seattle, one of the biggest stockholders, concerning the accident, the first thing that gent wanted to know was what damage had been done to property, and when informed that a new locomotive, costing $5,000, was a total wreck, he is reported to have sworn a "blue streak." When informed about the men who were killed and injured his only comment was, "Send them to the hospital."

EMIL M. HERMAN.

Fellow Worker P. J. Van Moulken writes from Plummer, Ida., that there is no work in that neighborhood, except running for Governor, and that it is doubtful if a worker would catch up with the governorship. Says the politicians are working overtime informing the workers who to elect to fat jobs.

BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA.

Harvest is no good in North Dakota. The pay around here (main line), $2.00 to $2.50. Plenty of men. Employment sharks in Minneapolis are shipping to Glendive. The town was full of men and no jobs. Please warn men not to go there. The job in Mandan is full handed, but they fire the men as soon as the new bunch arrives. Work is rather scarce all along the main line (N. P.). Struck a job in Bismarck as yard man in cafe; wages $7 per week; board and room. Will go to Duluth in a few weeks. Am on my way home to Germany. Will send you one plunk next week for sub. I am broke now. Yours for shorter hours, higher wages and industrial freedom.

HEINE, THE JUNGLE COOK.

FUGITIVES FROM INJUSTICE, OR SHANGHAIIED FROM FRISCO TO ROCHE HARBOR.

San Francisco employment sharks display signs reading thus: Wanted, 20 laborers for Seattle, Tacoma and Victoria, B. C. Upon inquiry, the sharks greet the prospective victim with a wide smile and hearty slap on the shoulder, saying, "Well, boys, want to go up north to a very fine job; $2.00 per day, only $5.00 per week for splendid hotel board. The fare is free and only 50 cents per day for board en route from San Francisco to your destination, which may be Seattle, Tacoma or Victoria, and to which place you will surely reach in six days at the most on a steam schooner." That is the dope the shark uses to rope in the unwary seekers of "congenial" employment. Now, after holding up a man for any sum from $2.00 to $5.00 for a job in this philanthropic, slave-herding, prison-like company, the unfortunate mortal is Shanghaiied on board a dirty, unseaworthy, sea skunk of an ex-South Sea Island slaver, politely called a clipper-brigantine. After getting 29 of us on this menace to life and property and pulling out in the bay to prevent any escapes of the prisoners-to-be, we were shown our quarters, which were, to say the least, unfit to offer to even a bunch of South Sea blackbirds that she used to carry. The writer was lucky enough to escape, only because the farmers on the island were all white men and convinced that the great Sitting Bull at Roche Harbor was entirely crooked and unfair. They gave the writer and others who made their get-away all the information that would assist the parties in outkitting the great "I am" and his two sons, who he has appointed as constables, also the sheriff and his deputies. Many of the party of 29 were rendered very sick by the rotten grub they were forced to eat for 16 days, and in conjunction with the deathly fumes of gasoline with which the hold was filled and upon which we were obliged to sleep or carry the banner on deck day and night. Now, fellow workers, take a tip from one who has been through the mill and give all jobs like the Roche Harbor prison system a very wide berth. If an employment shark tells you what a fine place it is, tell him to go to Hell or Roche Harbor! They are the same thing as far as the workmen are concerned. Yours truly,

W. J. McMILLAN.

COEUR D'ALENE.

Camp Delegate Corbin is doing good work in Idaho. He reports that the Hassam Paving Co. of Coeur d'Alene pays $2.75 for 10 hours (if you can make them pay at all); $1.00 hospital; tents. Fire the bunch every three days and hire new victims.

WENATCHEE, WASH.

Apple picking will start about next Monday. Wages are $2.50 per day for nine hours' work; board self in town, 25c a meal, as the ranches have no bunk houses. About 50 men here already. A few went out this morning to pick pears, $2.50 per day.

J. F. HURD,
Camp Delegate.

Wenatchee, Wash., Sept. 6th.

A member of L. U. 68 writes that the ships of the Canadian Steamship Co. out of Duluth are floating pest houses. Keep away.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN SEATTLE.

The propaganda of revolutionary labor union tactics carried on by the I. W. W. has not been without avail. Numerous times have these methods been put into practice. Passive resistance strikes are rapidly becoming popular. Some months ago we read of the farm hands of North Yamhill, Ore., planting trees upside down and the like. Harvest hands in the Palouse and Eastern Washington have found them effective. Strikers in the Union depot of Seattle are the latest to adopt the methods of passive resistance and the irritant strike.

For some time the men employed in the Union depot have complained of the low wages and the number of hours which they were compelled to work. But then, to make matters worse, the officials informed the employees that hereafter the wages would be reduced to $60.00 per month. This despite the fact that papers these days are taking special pains to assure the people that there is no danger of panic and that times were never more prosperous than at present and would so continue.

Before the entrance of the I. W. W. members to the depot the employees had been accustomed to petition their masters every so often for a raise of wages and were as many times turned down. Not so with the I. W. W., however. Upon being notified of the cut in wages, not only did they decide to carry on a passive strike against the reduction, but demanded of the officials a return to the 1907 scale, with the addition of one day a week off.

The methods pursued in carrying out the passive resistance and irritant strike carried quite a strain of humor with them—for the workers. Just imagine a big, fat capitalist stopping at the Washington hotel having a bundle of old, dirty blankets delivered to his suite of rooms, or the blanket stiff, on the other hand, receiving a first-class grip in place of his roll of blankets. And again, picture a drummer arriving at Butte, for instance, finding that the wrong trunk had been checked him, while his trunk was on the way to Frisco, to be delivered to the man whose trunk he had received. Confusion! Irritation to the officials! We should say so. Not only that, but the railroad company lost hundreds of dollars in mail deliveries, not being able to make connections with the steamers leaving for the Orient.

That the methods pursued were a success there can be no doubt. The main obstacle and principal reason why the strike was not a complete success was the failure of the day shift to participate. As it was the night shift were locked out, another gang having been held in readiness to fill their places.

However, the strike was a practical illustration of the value of passive resistance and irritant strike methods in carrying on a labor conflict, and an object lesson to those who were therein engaged. As to the loss of jobs, that is not taken at all seriously. Being industrialists and not obsessed with "joheatas" they realize that they (the workers) have no job, but that the masters have that and only allow them to work at it as long as they are meek and servile slaves.

A REPORTER.

MINNEAPOLIS WANTS ORGANIZER.

The Minneapolis locals of the I. W. W. are without an organizer at present and are on the lookout for one. Any information regarding same will be appreciated. These locals are growing and recently increased their bundle order of the WORKER. Address Chas. Berg, Sec.

Renew your subscription before expiration of same.

STAND UP! YOU HUMBLE SLAVES

Fellow working men, listen! I won't take much of your time away from insolent bosses and foul slave pens, but your time is not your own, so you can well afford to pause and listen.

You are robbed! Damnably robbed! You are robbed of the pleasures of childhood; robbed of real manhood and womanhood! Robbed of education! Robbed of a knowledge of the wonderful revelations of science! Of literature! Of art! Of music! Robbed of all the higher refinements and enjoyments of life; and worst of all, robbed of even a desire for them.

You are robbed of good things to eat and nice things to wear. You are robbed of a wife, home and children: and you call yourselves men!

You are often robbed of even the right to be a spineless slave—unless you buy a term in slavery from thievish job sellers and walk many miles, footsore and weary, in search of your brutal masters, and then sometimes find them not. In days of old, masters bought slaves and chased them down if they ran away. Now it is reversed. You buy the master, or rather your slavery, then find your master if you can. But when found, you can't take possession of him nor his job. And you humbly grovel and cringe beneath his stormy gaze and almost apologize for asking for a job. O, what peerless suckers!

You are robbed of everything in this world worth possessing. You are utterly skinned alive from the cradle to the grave, and even fleeced after death!

Fellow working men, you are being murdered, fiendishly murdered in cold blood! Killed by inches. Murdered in both mind and body. Murdered on the pitilgss rack of capitalism. Murdered, mind, body and soul, for dirty dollars, for profits to beastly bosses, that they may buy for their wives and mistresses a five thousand dollar dog, or pearls and diamonds and champagne and yachts that cost the life blood of thousands of slaves. You are damnably and brutally murdered every day of your miserable existence that your masters may give monkey dinners, ride and revel in state, while you revel in cheap beer, herd into lousy tents and eat tough beef neck! You produce everything in this world that is produced and live on husks and starve your wives and children and drive your boys into vagabondage and your girls into prostitution that you may give all the good things of earth to a lot of beastly loafers who, in turn, insult you, despise you and murder you! And then they gloat over you and defy you, if you complain. O, how you do love your masters!

You are robbed and murdered that King Teddy may march in royal state through Europe, mingling unctuous congratulations with murderous tyrants, and that he may quench his thirst for blood hunting and killing big game in the jungles of Africa. And you are hunting in the "jungles" of America for a job. You, yourselves, are the game. It is your hide the bosses coin into money. Animals grow horns on their heads for weapons of defense. You grow horns on your hands and you display that emblem of defenseless servitude with pride. Then you prate about MY country and about being free born Americans and you sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," setc. How much of this country is yours, Jack, and how much liberty do YOU enjoy? And you lick the hand that smites you by praising your masters. You say our benevolent fathers, the capitalists, give us jobs, and we couldn't live without jobs. Did you ever stop to think that it is you who support the capitalist class and not they that support you? No, you never tried to think in your lives. You are robbed and you think it is right. You are brutally murdered and you piously roll up the whites of your eyes in thankfulness to god for it. What infinite ignorance! What a huge but ghastly joke you are! It would cause the fiends of hell to laugh, then hang their heads in shame and weep! For humanity's sake, read a little revolutionary literature and learn the truth. Get wise, and then you will see how disgustingly foolish you are. Do you deserve pity? No, a thousand times no! Who are the devils of hell that grind you into your graves and then take the yokes from your dead necks and rivet them upon the necks of your children? Some of you point an accusing finger at Rockefeller, Morgan and other heads of the big trusts, and you say, "Behold the thieves that rob us and the criminals that slay us." Well, granted, but what are you DOING about it? Nothing! You just whine and that's all. A dog can do that.

But what do the master class say in reply to your cowardly whine? Nothing. But in the very few instances where they have replied to you, what have they said? Just about as follows: "What's the matter with you ignorant cattle, you of the unwhipped mob? We are running things to suit ourselves, because we have the right—the legal right, and the right of might. That right is called business. It is also the right of custom. You gave it to us, or allowed us to take it, ages ago, and we have had it ever since. You have always had the majority, but you never took that right away from us. We are ORGANIZED, so, you see, we've got the POWER. Now shut up or you will be locked up. Submit or starve."

So, you see, fellow working men, we, the working class, are accessories to theft and murder by allowing them to gain and hold that power. They have a "right" to skin you—as long as you allow it. Don't blame them altogether. BLAME YOURSELVES. You are such ripe, juicy plums, who could help plucking you? They are not ignorant like us. They read and they are organized. ORGANIZED!—there, that is the great secret of their power. They band together in one big association to defend themselves and one another and to increase their possessions and power. That is where they got their control of you and all the governments and armies.

Come, fellow working men and women, and let us do likewise. Let us organize and get the might and then we will have the right. Don't be a conservative. Conservatives never do anything but hold the brakes on the wheels of progress during an uphill pull, and the rebels are the authors of all the progress of the world. They have pulled the world upward always in spite of the conservatives.

Wage workers, the bosses are your enemies. Your interests are the very opposite of his interests. They can succeed only in proportion to your downfall. As they become millionaires by the hundred, you become tramps by the million!

Come! Don't stand back with your mouth agape like a rat trap and call us anarchists, socialists, revolutionists, and say that we will cause bloodshed. O, you miserable cowards! You wouldn't know an anarchist or a socialist from a monkey wrench. We are for peace, but he it peace or war, we stand firmly and unflinchingly for the complete emancipation of the entire working class. You, who are so white livered as to fear bloodshed in the future, why can't you see it in the present? Behold the awful carnage in the mines, factories and on the railroads. Our industries are reeking with useless blood and murder. More lives are taken by greedy capitalists every year than were lost in any year of the civil war! We want to stop it! Are you with us or are you a miserable traitor to your class? Quit being a rube? Study your interests as a class. We were all rubes once, but we have been studying our interests so as to try to better our condition. We can do so only with YOUR help, but you need our organization more than we need you. We don't come to you with flattering lies and call you "intelligent and free American sovereigns." We leave that for the braying politicians who are trying to get their hands into your pockets. We are not after your pocketbooks, and so we tell you the truth, and we don't care whether you like it or not. Perhaps, if you get mad, it will jar loose some of the moss that covers your brains and get you to thinking. And when you get to thinking, you will be on the right road, and we will soon be able to grasp your hand in fraternal fellowship. So, begin now to work your horny hands a little less and your calloused brains a little more. Let us organize into one big international and industrial union of the working class; all trades into one big union, and quit accepting two dollars in wages for every ten dollars we produce for the bosses. Organize as our masters do, and get the might which will give us the right to all we produce and to life, liberty and the possession of happiness. Then we can own and control our jobs in all the industries of the world. Then we can laugh at the bosses as they now laugh at us. Then we can turn their armies against them and their governments of master and slave aristocracies will have crumbled into dust. Then we will ALL have the time and means to get a complete education and study the sciences, art, music, philosophy, literature and pursue any trade, profession or pleasure we wish! Then murder and crime will begin to disappear from the earth, and labor will drop its chains and claim its own—all the rewards of earth!

Arouse, ye slaves! Get up from your knees! Stand up and be men and women! Join the one big industrial union that will rid the earth of wage slavery, misery and living death, THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD!

M. B. BUTLER,
Camp Delegate from Local 93

The WORKER is especially desirous of information concerning employment sharks and requests all workers to forward any information that may come to their notice. It is of the most importance that the shark be put out of existance, for he is one of the means whereby the boss keeps the workers in a condition of servitude.

Let the WORKER know about it.

A CORRECTION.

All the local unions of New York City are participating in the picnic at Unionport Park on October 2nd, instead of its being under the sole charge of local 95, as was recently stated in the WORKER. Also Fellow Worker Stirton will speak in New York from September 16th to 22nd, instead of October 2nd.

WILL IT ATTRACT WORKERS?

El Paso's abundant and comparatively cheap labor should attract manufacturers. It is the labor supply that has made possible the vast amount of new building now in progress. It is safe to say that had it not been for the cheap cement and abundant labor supply there would have been a falling off in new buildings, instead of the tremendous expansion that has actually taken place.—Editorial El Paso Herald, August 21, 1910.

After reading your Industrial Worker don't ditch it, but hand it to some Fellow Worker on the job. Request him to subscribe. Try and see how it works. Go to it, boys!

One day while walking along the street, thinking of the great bread and butter question, I met an old acquaintance, and we began to argue on the subject. I asked him if he had a job. "No," said he, "I never had a job. The boss has the job and he tells me when I may work and what I shall get as wages after I have worked. I have nothing to say about it." "Well," said I, "how is it that you men do all the useful work and have nothing to say about what you receive for your work, or whether you should work or not? You do all the useful work in society. Why, then, do you not have some say about what you shall receive for this work?" He said, "You see, it is like this: The boss owns the job; he owns the tools of production, and he owns what is produced after we make it. He is wise enough to know that we are not organized, so he has organized against us." "Well," I said, "you know there is the A. F. of L., that is a labor organization. What is the matter with them?" "Well, you see," he said, "the A. F. of L. may have been good enough when the boss was not organized, but today they are divided against themselves, and when one little bunch has trouble the others stay at work and the boss puts scabs to work with the union men and licks them to a finish. Yes, the boss likes that kind of union." "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"Why, organize all the workers in one union, so that no matter what a man may follow he has the support of that union. Thus the balance of the men would refuse to work with any scabs. Why, man, we could OWN our jobs then and the boss would have to beat it. So kick in with the I. W. W., which is the only union that is organizing the workers on that basis.

G. GARDNER,
L. U. 434.

NOTICE.

To loggers and lumber workers. The WORKER is desirous of keeping in touch with the doings in the lumber industry. You are urgently requested to drop a line to the paper, reporting the conditions of your job and the industry in general.

EXTRA!

A third very much improved edition of the I. W. W. Song Book is now ready for delivery. The book contains many additional songs. Some are classic songs of the workers' hopes and aspirations, while others are especially adapted to arouse the prowling terrier of the northwest.

The Preamble, Hall Directory, I. W. W. literature and publications, etc., are also features of the song book. However, the price remains the same as the old one.

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